

WEIRD
THRILLERS

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No. 1

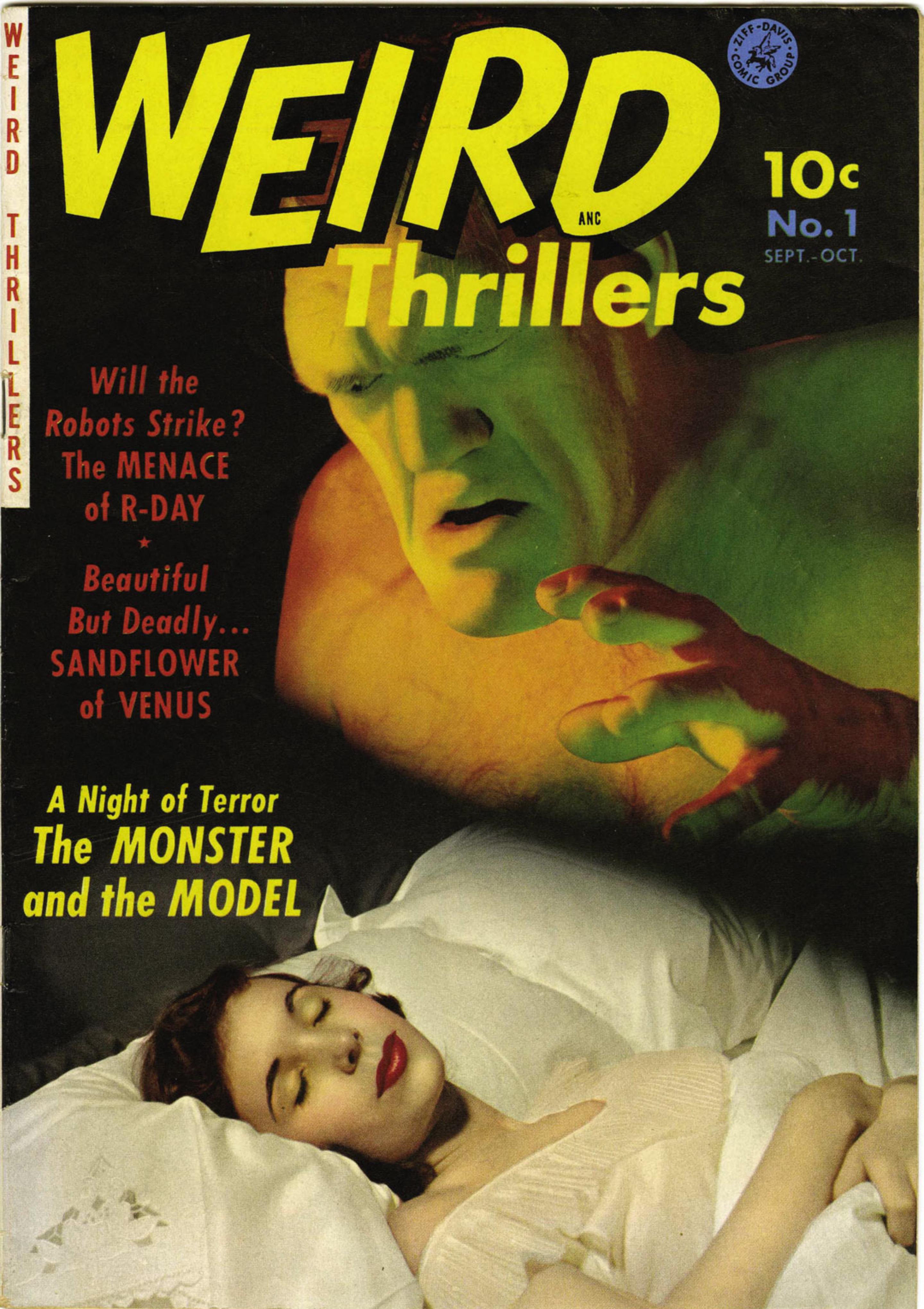
SEPT.-OCT.

Will the
Robots Strike?

The MENACE
of R-DAY

★
Beautiful
But Deadly...
SANDFLOWER
of VENUS

A Night of Terror
The MONSTER
and the MODEL



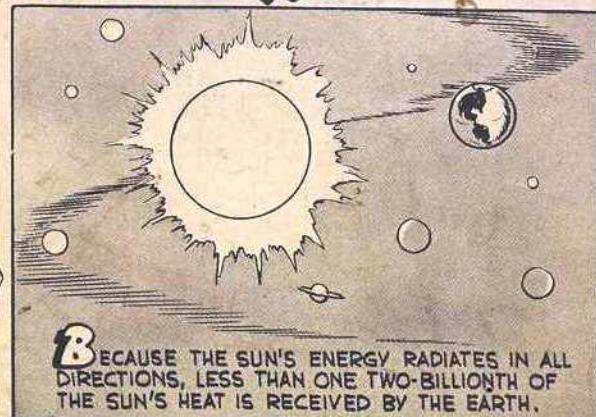
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OUR AMAZING UNIVERSE



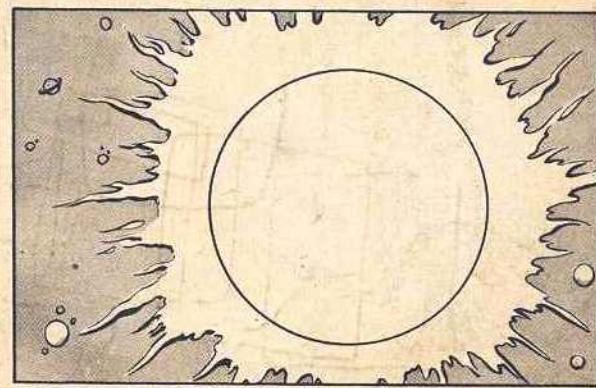
A PERSON STANDING ON ONE SPOT IN THE UNITED STATES FOR ONE YEAR COULD SEE APPROXIMATELY 4,000 DIFFERENT STARS WITH THE NAKED EYE. WITH A MODERN TELESCOPE THE SAME PERSON COULD SEE 100 MILLION STARS!



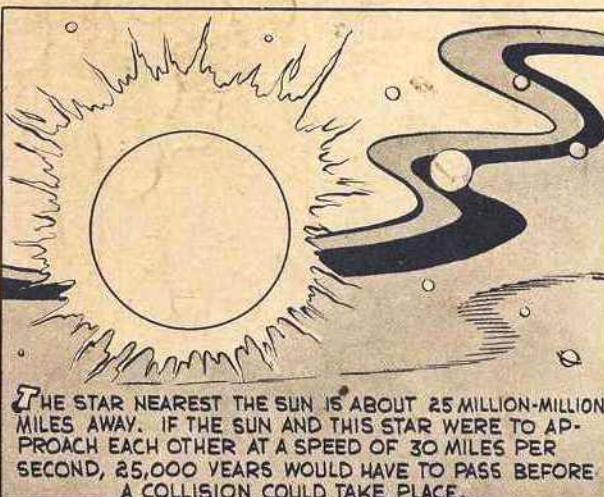
BECUSE THE SUN'S ENERGY RADIATES IN ALL DIRECTIONS, LESS THAN ONE TWO-BILLIONTH OF THE SUN'S HEAT IS RECEIVED BY THE EARTH.



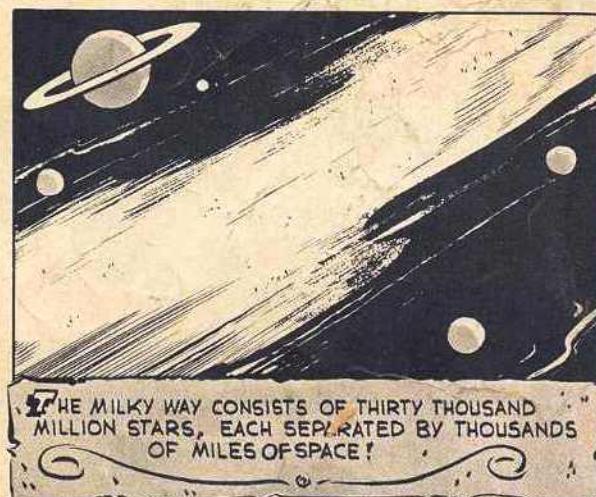
THE MOON REACHES A TEMPERATURE OF 265 DEGREES ABOVE ZERO AT HIGH NOON. THIS TEMPERATURE FALLS TO 196 DEGREES BELOW ZERO AT THE TIME OF A TOTAL ECLIPSE.



ALTHOUGH THE APPEARANCE OF THE SUN DOESN'T SEEM TO CHANGE, IT IS ACTUALLY SHRINKING IN SIZE. IT LOSES 250 MILLION TONS PER MINUTE! NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS TO THE LOST TONNAGE.



THE STAR NEAREST THE SUN IS ABOUT 25 MILLION-MILLION MILES AWAY. IF THE SUN AND THIS STAR WERE TO APPROACH EACH OTHER AT A SPEED OF 30 MILES PER SECOND, 25,000 YEARS WOULD HAVE TO PASS BEFORE A COLLISION COULD TAKE PLACE.



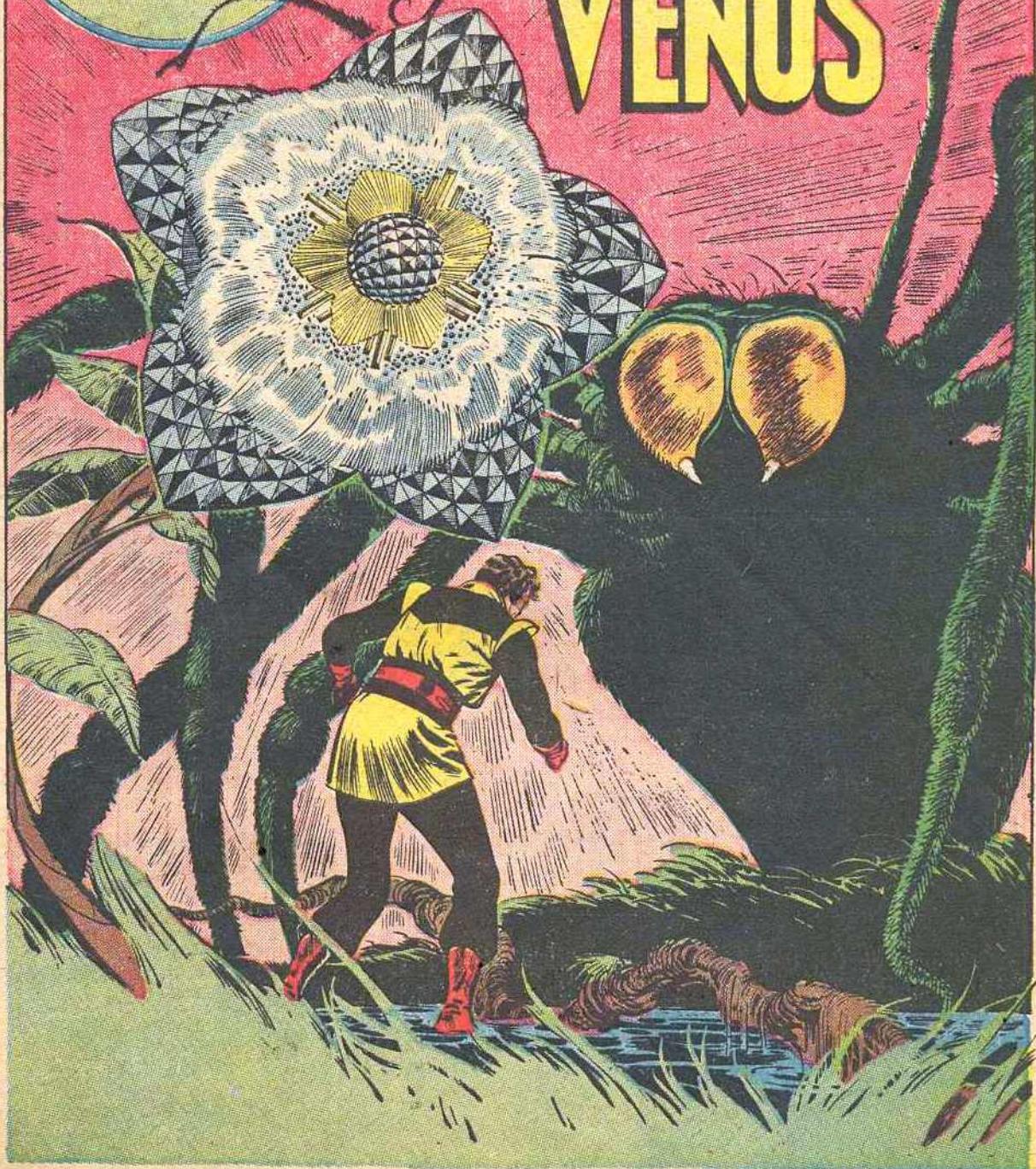
THE MILKY WAY CONSISTS OF THIRTY THOUSAND MILLION STARS, EACH SEPARATED BY THOUSANDS OF MILES OF SPACE!

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SPACEPORT IS
A HOT, STEAMING
AND EVIL METROPOLIS.
A HAVEN FOR ALL THE
CUTTHROATS AND
PIRATES IN THE SOLAR
SYSTEM! BUT ONE PARTICULARLY-BEAUTIFUL OBJECT
LIVES IN THIS CITY—
THE PRICELESS
BUT DEADLY...

SANDFLOWER of VENUS



A LUXURY SPACELINER LANDS ON VENUS...

WELL, HERE WE ARE, MISS D'ARGOT! I DON'T SUPPOSE A FAMOUS ACTRESS LIKE YOU WILL BE VERY MUCH IMPRESSED BY THIS PLANET.

I DOUBT IF THERE'S ANYTHING WORTH SEEING! HAVE YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE?



YES, THIS IS MY FIFTH TRIP! YOU SEE, I'M THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSAL BOTANICAL GARDENS, AND THE SANDFLOWER OF VENUS IS THE ONLY RARE FLOWER MISSING FROM OUR COLLECTION! ALTHOUGH WE'RE OFFERING A FABULOUS REWARD, IT SEEMS THERE JUST AREN'T ANY MEN WITH ENOUGH COURAGE TO GO AFTER ONE!

I'LL BET I CAN GET ONE!



I DOUBT IT. THERE IS GREAT DANGER SURROUNDING THESE WEIRD FLOWERS...

NONSENSE! MY FIANCÉ WOULD BE HAPPY TO DO IT FOR ME— WOULDN'T YOU, BRAD?

BUT, LUCILLE. I—



NOW, BRAD! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ARGUE OVER SO SIMPLE A REQUEST. ARE YOU? IF YOU REALLY LOVE ME...

ALL RIGHT, DARLING! IF IT MEANS SO MUCH TO YOU, I'LL TRY!



AS BRAD LEAVES THE SPACE SHIP...

MR. BENNETT! WAIT! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU!



MY NAME IS MELINDA BROWN! I'VE LIVED HERE ON VENUS MOST OF MY LIFE— AND I MUST WARN YOU! THE GIANT SWAMP SPIDER OF VENUS CULTIVATES THE SANDFLOWER, AND USES IT TO LURE HUMAN BEINGS TO DESTRUCTION! DON'T GO!

BUT I PROMISED!

PLEASE LISTEN TO ME! EVEN IF YOU WERE TO ESCAPE THE SWAMP SPIDER, YOU'D NEVER GET OFF THIS PLANET ALIVE!



LOOK AT THOSE CHARACTERS! THEY'D CUT YOUR THROAT FOR A DOLLAR! IMAGINE WHAT THEY'D DO TO GET HOLD OF THE PRICELESS SANDFLOWER!



I'M SORRY, MELINDA. LUCILLE'S GOT HER HEART SET ON HAVING A SANDFLOWER OF VENUS-- AND I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET ONE FOR HER!

I WISH YOU LUCK!

YOU WANT TO FIND A SANDFLOWER, EH? YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND, MISTER, OR YOU WOULDN'T BE ASKING TO DIE SO YOUNG!

LAY OFF THE CHATTER, OLD MAN, AND ANSWER MY QUESTION!

WELL, NOW-- IT SEEMS TO ME I HEARD THERE WAS ONE GROWING NEAR THE SWAMP OF DORNE. LOOK NEAR THE HIGH CLIFF ON THE FAR SIDE -- YOU MIGHT HAVE THE BAD LUCK OF FINDING IT!

WELL, HERE'S THE SWAMP AND THIS MUST BE THE CLIFF THE OLD MAN TOLD ME ABOUT. GOOD THING I RENTED THIS JET-CAR OR I'D HAVE BEEN ALL DAY GETTING HERE.

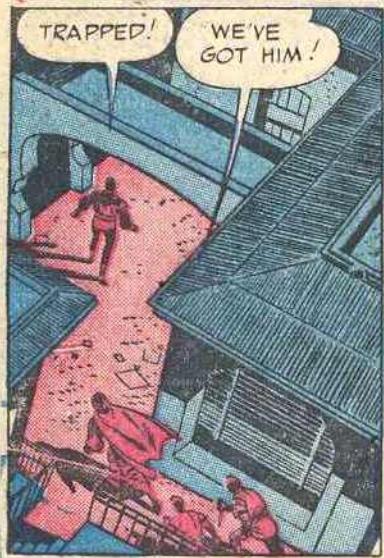
WHAT LUCK! THERE IT IS! IT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I'VE EVER SEEN! SO THAT'S THE SANDFLOWER OF VENUS!

I DON'T SEE ANY OF THOSE SWAMP SPIDERS THEY TOLD ME ABOUT. I'LL GRAB THE FLOWER AND GET OUT OF HERE!

WHY, THE SANDFLOWER IS MADE OF CRYSTAL-- LIVING CRYSTAL! IT'S A NATURAL JEWEL! NO WONDER DR. GUNTER IS ANXIOUS TO GET IT!





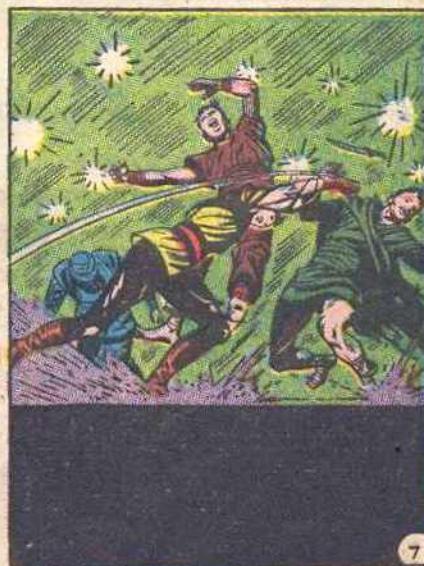


MY FATHER WAS POLICE CHIEF IN SPACEPORT ONCE. I USED TO PLAY IN THESE TUNNELS WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

LUCKY FOR ME YOU DID, MELINDA! IF NOT FOR YOU, I'D NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!

WE'RE NOT SAFE YET, BRAD! BUT ONCE PAST THIS OLD WATER STORAGE TANK, WE'LL BE NEAR THE LANDING FIELD!

UGH! THIS PLACE IS LIKE A BAD DREAM!





The MENACE of R DAY

THIS IS THE
END! RUN
FOR
YOUR
LIVES!

IT IS 1999 AND
PEACE FINALLY
COMES TO WAR-TORN
EARTH... AND WITH
PEACE COMES THE
REALIZATION OF A
LONG-AWAITED
DREAM--A UNITED
EARTH! BUT HISTORY
REPEATS ITSELF AND
ONCE AGAIN A TYRANT
COMES TO THE FORE
... A DICTATOR MORE
TERRIBLE THAN ANY
BEFORE HIM, FOR HE
HAS NO NAME---
ONLY A NUMBER,
AND THE CONQUEST
OF THE WORLD IS
WITHIN EASY REACH
AS ZERO HOUR BRINGS
"THE MENACE OF R-DAY!"

AT THE UNITED EARTH GOVERNMENT LABORATORY
WHERE BRUCE KAINES AND HIS ASSISTANT, VINA
TALBOT, WORK...

BRUCE, IT'S TIME
FOR OUR APPOINTMENT
WITH ROGER STANTON.

RIGHT, VINA! I
WANT TO SHOW
HIM MY NEW
MAGNET.

IT DOESN'T SEEM TOO LONG
AGO THAT ROGER STANTON
WAS OUR PROF AT THE UNI-
VERSITY! NOW LOOK AT HIM!
--PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD!

YES, BRUCE,
AND HE'S
COMPLETELY
UNAFFECTED
BY HIS
POSITION!
HE'S STILL
AS FRIENDLY
AS ALWAYS!

ANDR

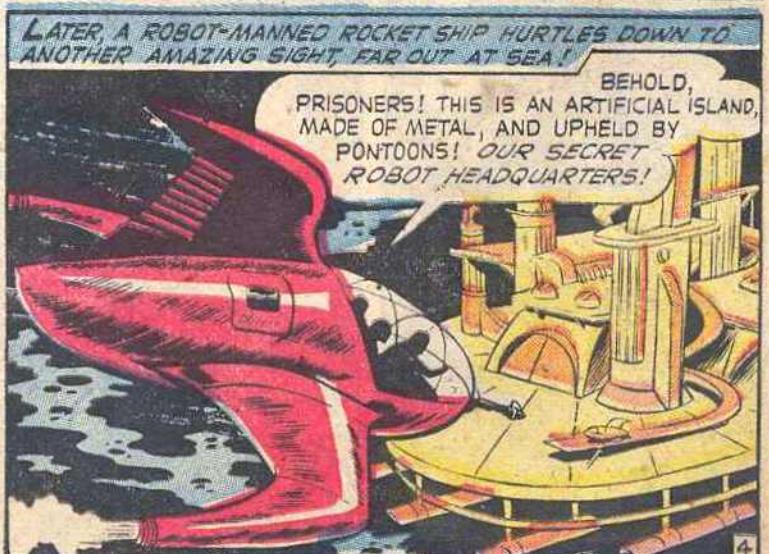
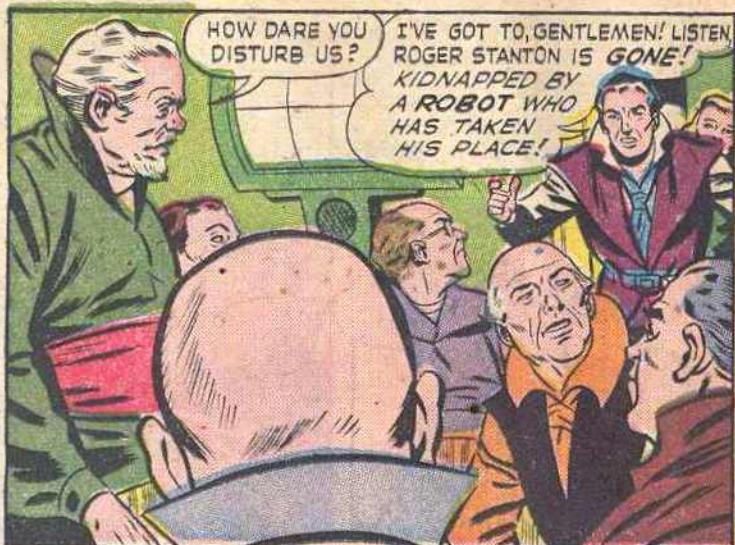


- ALL RIGHT! YOU KNOW THE TRUTH! I AM Z-13, THE ROBOT! ROGER STANTON WAS SPIRITED AWAY LAST NIGHT, AND I TOOK HIS PLACE! UNKNOWN TO THE REST OF THE WORLD, A ROBOT IS NOW RUNNING THE GOVERNMENT!

ROBOTS WERE INVENTED BY YOU HUMANS TEN YEARS AGO, AND FOR TEN YEARS WE HAVE SERVED AS YOUR SERVANTS AND WORKERS! BUT NOW, WE WILL BE THE MASTERS OF EARTH!

YOU'RE MAD, Z-13! AS SOON AS I EXPOSE YOU, YOU'LL BE DESTROYED!







STOP STRUGGLING, YOU IDIOT!
I'M TEN TIMES AS STRONG AS
YOU! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME!



NOT IF WE'RE **DISGUISED**! IF Z-13 COULD DISGUISE HIMSELF AS A HUMAN, WHY CAN'T WE DISGUISE OURSELVES AS ROBOTS? WE CAN USE THESE DISCARDED ROBOT PARTS ON THIS SCRAP HEAP!



LATER THAT NIGHT...



VINA! KEEP IN THE SHADOWS AND WALK STIFFLY!

THAT ROBOT WALKED PAST US WITHOUT SUSPECTING! IT WORKED!

BUT HOW CAN WE SABOTAGE THIS HORRIBLE PLACE, WITH THOUSANDS OF ROBOTS ALL OVER?

WAIT-SAND! THIS IS IT, VINA! GET TO WORK!



THE NEXT MORNING, THEIR MYSTERIOUS JOB FINISHED, BRUCE AND VINA GO BACK INTO HIDING...

WELL, THAT'S OVER WITH! WE'LL KEEP HIDDEN AND...

THE HUMANS!

BRUCE! THAT ROBOT SEARCHER JUST SAW US!



ATTENTION ALL! THE HUMANS!

RUN FOR IT, VINA!

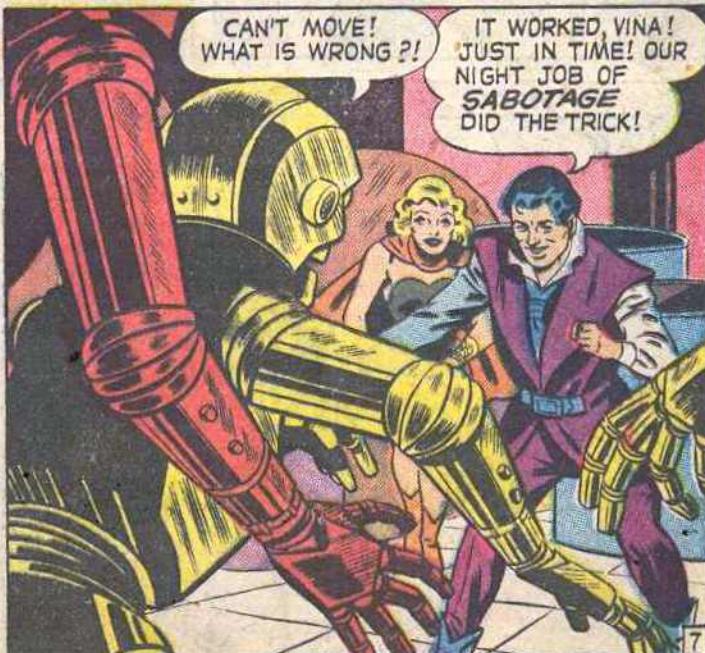


CAN'T MOVE! WHAT IS WRONG?!

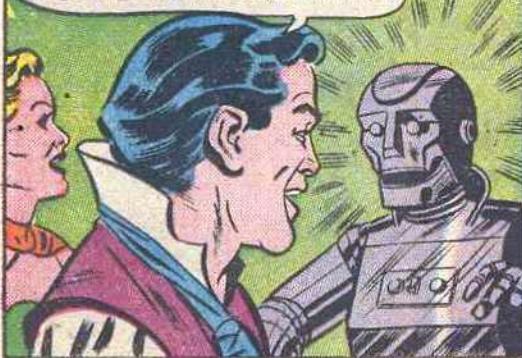
IT WORKED, VINA! JUST IN TIME! OUR NIGHT JOB OF SABOTAGE DID THE TRICK!



SURROUND THEM! RIP THEM TO BITS!



YOU'RE **PARALYZED!** YOU SEE, I NOTICED THAT YOU ROBOTS ALL **OILED** YOURSELVES REGULARLY LIKE ANY MACHINE! SO LAST NIGHT, VINA AND I THREW **SAND** IN THE OIL DRUMS!



LATER, UNMOLESTED, BRUCE AND VINA SOAR AWAY FROM THE ROBOT HEADQUARTERS IN A ROCKET SHIP, AND BEHIND THEM...



THE END

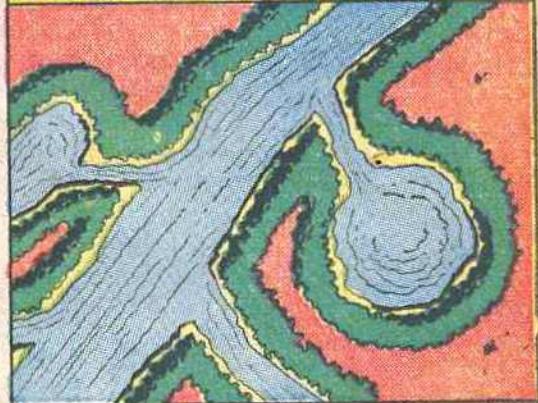
"The Canals of Mars"

SOME SCIENTISTS HOLD THAT THE "CANALS" ON MARS ARE MARTIAN-MADE AND FOR A DEFINITE PURPOSE

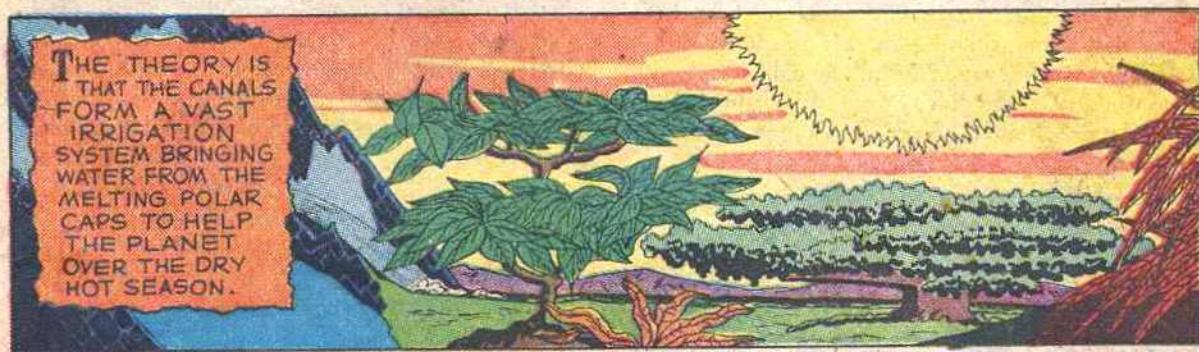
POWERFUL TELESCOPES SHOW THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET MARS TO BE CRISS-CROSSED WITH CANALS WHICH APPEAR TO EMPTY INTO HUGE RESERVOIRS!



DEFINITE PATCHES OF GREEN ALONG THE EDGES OF THE CANALS ARE BELIEVED TO BE VEGETATION!



THE THEORY IS THAT THE CANALS FORM A VAST IRRIGATION SYSTEM BRINGING WATER FROM THE MELTING POLAR CAPS TO HELP THE PLANET OVER THE DRY HOT SEASON.



THIS WATER RUSHES DOWN THE CANALS INTO THE VAST RESERVOIRS.

THE WATERS RISE! IT IS WELL! A FEW MORE DAYS AND OUR CROPS WOULD HAVE BEEN RUINED!

YES, WITHOUT THE CANALS DROUGHTS WOULD HAVE WIPE OUT MARTIAN CIVILIZATION AGES AGO!



CAREFUL DISTRIBUTION OF THIS WATER FROM THE POLAR REGIONS COULD MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO PREVENT DROUGHTS UNTIL THE MARTIAN WET SEASON BEGINS...

THE CANALS ARE ALMOST DRY! THE LAST WINTER WAS WARMER THAN USUAL! THE ICE-CAPS WERE NOT THICK ENOUGH!

NO, BUT THOSE CLOUDS IN THE SKY WILL BRING RAIN! PERHAPS THE WET SEASON WILL START EARLIER! NATURE KEEPS EVERYTHING IN BALANCE!



IT IS ALL THEORY, OF COURSE, BUT QUITE PLAUSIBLE FOR MARS ATMOSPHERE IS ONE OF THE FEW THAT COULD SUPPORT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT!

TERROR FROM THE DEPTHS

"One earthquake is bad enough! But when the whole world feels as if it were sitting on top of an electric mixer, I say it's getting too bad!" Dr. Marsden, chief seismologist of the Worldwide Scientific Command, glared around the table angrily, as if to wonder who would dare challenge his statement.

Dr. Stan Wallens grinned and shook back from his forehead a youthful cowlick of hair. "We shouldn't complain, Dr. Marsden!" he chuckled. "If there wouldn't be earthquakes, all of us seismologists would be out of jobs!"

"It's all right for you youngsters to take that attitude," the other grumbled. "But we've got reputations, we older men, and when the whole world feels as if it's being shaken to bits, and we haven't got even a ghost of an idea of what's causing the upheavals, we look pretty silly."

Stan shrugged his shoulders. But before he could reply to his chief, young Charlie Handel, Wallens' assistant, came running in, his normally ruddy face pale and haggard. "Stan," he called excitedly. "It worked! Your idea worked!" And Handel waved a graph chart under Stan's nose.

Dr. Marsden and the others in the conference room crowded around the young scientist as he snatched the graph from Handel's fingers and his own face paled.

"What is it?" asked Dr. Marsden anxiously. "Must be important, the way it's affecting you!"

Stan nodded. "It is, sir," he said tensely. "This graph proves what I've been suspecting for a long time. That is—that the earthquakes aren't being caused by anything that's a normal cause of such upheavals. Rather, they are coming because some gigantic force—whether it's life as we know it or not I don't know—is inside the earth, working and twisting its way up to the surface!"

"That's impossible," snapped Dr. Marsden. "Nobody could possibly conceive of any force that strong, to be able to twist its way up through thousands of miles of molten lava at the center of the earth, and the layers of rock that are packed more densely than anything we've ever seen here on the surface!"

Stan nodded soberly. "That's what I thought, sir, too," he said. "Until I visualized the only kind of force that would do it. Let me explain," he went on, as the others hung silently on his every word. "Think of a corkscrew, twisting its way through dense material. It could do it easily, couldn't it? Well, as soon as I realized that a corkscrew would

have to have some driving force behind it, I realized that the only force that could be causing what the world is experiencing is something like that. And I came to the conclusion that it must be some unimaginable type of monster worm, which uses its teeth like the point of a corkscrew, and twists what it eats through its own body, ejecting it at the other end. That's what's causing the earthquakes, sir!"

"Have you got proof of this fantastic theory, Stan?" asked Dr. Marsden.

"These graphs, Doctor," Stan replied. "They show that the earthquakes are stemming from a constantly shifting area within the earth, which has steadily been moving closer to the surface! That's what suggested the idea of something like a monster worm, working its way out from the center!"

Dr. Marsden soon showed the scientific qualities which had gained him the position of chief seismologist of the world. Although he refused to say whether he believed young Stan's theory or not, he immediately marshalled his forces to test it. And less than a week later he summoned his weary staff together.

"Gentlemen," Dr. Marsden said quietly, "we are faced with the most incredible problem the world has ever known. You all heard Dr. Wallens' theories the other day. Well, gentlemen, they have been borne out by facts!" He held up his hand to stop the sudden stir of comment. "Here, in the heart of the African plains, there has appeared a hole half a mile across, and we have photos showing a pair of giant jaws working inside this hole. The jaws," he concluded with a shrug "are exactly like those of a monster worm!"

"But Dr. Marsden," stammered one of the younger men, "if there's a worm with jaws capable of opening half a mile, it must be twenty miles long!"

"At least," agreed Stan Wallens grimly.

"What are we going to do? This thing could swallow all of us!"

Dr. Marsden nodded. "I've already given orders for everything I can think of," he said. "The World Government has sent in heavy artillery, and we're preparing now to try to blast the monster to bits."

For the next three days the heaviest and most explosive shells known to military science were lobbed into the gaping hole. They had just as little effect as if they had been pebbles! While the shells were exploding against the sides of the sinuous

dirty grey body which now lay for a mile along the earth, it seemed to relax as if it were enjoying the contact of the detonating explosives!

From helicopters which hovered above the scene, Stan Wallens and the others studied the monstrous worm which seemed like something out of the drug-filled dreams of a delirious, fever-ridden madman. The body still lay deep within its hole, only a mile of its length visible in all its half-mile thickness, while the monster jaws opened like the gates to Hell as it engulfed acres of foliage at a single gulp, and then settled down to chew with a crunching sound that drowned out all other noise! Animals and birds disappeared down its huge maw just as did trees and bushes. The scientists watched with bulging eyes.

Dr. Marsden, who had aged twenty years in the few days since he had accepted the incredible truth, met the scientists as they returned to camp. He was dressed in an old pair of Army fatigues and wore a crash helmet. "Stan," he said quietly, "I'm going to try the last resort. If it succeeds, we'll rid the earth of the greatest terror it has ever known. If it doesn't," he smiled wryly, "it'll be up to you, as the next in command."

"Look, Dr. Marsden," said Stan quickly, "I've come to some conclusions about the way we can lick this thing!"

Dr. Marsden shook his head. "Let me try my way, Stan," he said gently. "I'm an old man, and if my idea doesn't work, I won't be missed as much as you would be. I'm going up in a new type of bomber which has an abnormally low stalling speed. My idea is that I'm going to try to pinpoint a couple of hydrogen bombs right down the creature's gullet! If that doesn't work, I don't know what will!"

"But that's not the way to do it, sir!" blurted Stan.

"I'm still going to try," replied Dr. Marsden shortly, and strode to his plane, with Stan trailing after his chief, arguing emphatically.

When Dr. Marsden had taken off, Stan shook his head sadly. "It won't work," he muttered. "Let's get where we may be able to help!" He rushed for the helicopter, followed by the others, and they took off a moment after Marsden's bomber plane had left the ground.

Stan's prophecy was borne out. While they watched breathlessly, the bomber circled around the gaping jaws and dropped two giant hydrogen bombs right down its throat! There was a roar, and a spurt of smoke and flame rushed out of the jaws to engulf Dr. Marsden's plane, crisping it to a cinder within a second! When the smoke had cleared, the worm lay there as before, singed but placidly continuing to chew its way forward!

The first action taken by Stan Wallens after assuming the post of command was to strip all firing equipment from a dozen bombing planes, and to load the bomb bays with foot-thick balls of some unusually white substance which gave off a smoky vapor. Then he called a dozen pilots together, and quietly gave them precise instructions. After the briefing, they took off, Stan in the lead plane, for the worm.

Circling over the monster, the planes began dropping their load of white bombs. The balls hit the worm's sides, and the anxiously watching scientists saw that on every contact, the worm seemed to wince, although there were no explosions! In a very short time the worm lay supine and unmoving, completely covered with the white, smoking balls which clung to its skin!

Stan barked crisp orders into his radio—and cordons of troops raced for the now motionless worm with queerly smoking vapor squirting from the nozzles they held in their hands, which were connected to containers on their backs.

And while the eyes of the scientists stared, the worm slowly began to shrink in size, as the smoky vapor sliced deep chunks off its fetid, destructive body! A few more orders from Stan Wallens, and the smoky vapor sliced through the half-mile thick neck of the monster, and its murderous head dropped loose from its body!

Back in camp, Stan Wallens waved aside the congratulations which his fellow scientists showered on him, and pushed aside the mound of telegrams from every government in the world.

"It's not too complex, gentlemen," he explained. "This monster came from the molten center of the earth, where the temperature rises to unbelievable heights. It was obvious that explosion of heat wouldn't harm it—it thrives on far more heat than we can possibly generate! So what I did was fit up our planes with carbon dioxide bombs—you know, the stuff they used to call 'dry ice' in the old days. The terrific cold that was generated paralyzed and froze the worm stiff—and then when the foot troops moved in, they were equipped with carbon dioxide torches, which shot out thin, highly powdered streams of the same gas. These were so well controlled at the nozzles that the streams were as sharp as cutting edges. That was the only thing that worked—and the only way we could free the earth from this heat-spawned terror from the depths!"

"You have saved the world!" cried Charlie Handel.

"That's true," Stan murmured modestly. "But who knows what else the future has in store for us."

THE END

The MONSTER and the MODEL

TALES OF GHOSTS AND GOBLINS ALL BELONG TO A LONG DEAD PAST, AND MODERN CIVILIZATION LAUGHS AT THEM! BUT THERE IS NO LAUGHTER AS SUDDENLY, IN A BUSY CITY, THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH APPARITIONS! WHAT ARE THEY? WHERE DO THEY COME FROM? THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS THE POLICE ASK AS THEY STRUGGLE AGAINST CRAFTY BLACK MAGIC, TO SOLVE THE STRANGE MYSTERY OF...

"The MONSTER and the MODEL!"



A LARGE AMERICAN CITY... AS THE DAY DRAWS TO A CLOSE, ONE BY ONE THE WEARY SEEK THE PEACE OF SLUMBER. IT IS BEDTIME, TOO, FOR DONNA WAYNE, PROFESSIONAL MODEL...

SUDDENLY...

GAAAA!

WH-WHAT'S THAT?





TREMBLING, HORRIFIED, DONNA SNAPS ON THE LIGHT AND THE WEIRD PHANTOM FACE VANISHES.





THE NEXT DAY IN THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER JOHN FRANKLIN...

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE, CARLTON. WE NEED EVERY MAN AVAILABLE TO HANDLE THOSE "GHOSTS" THAT ARE ROAMING THE CITY!

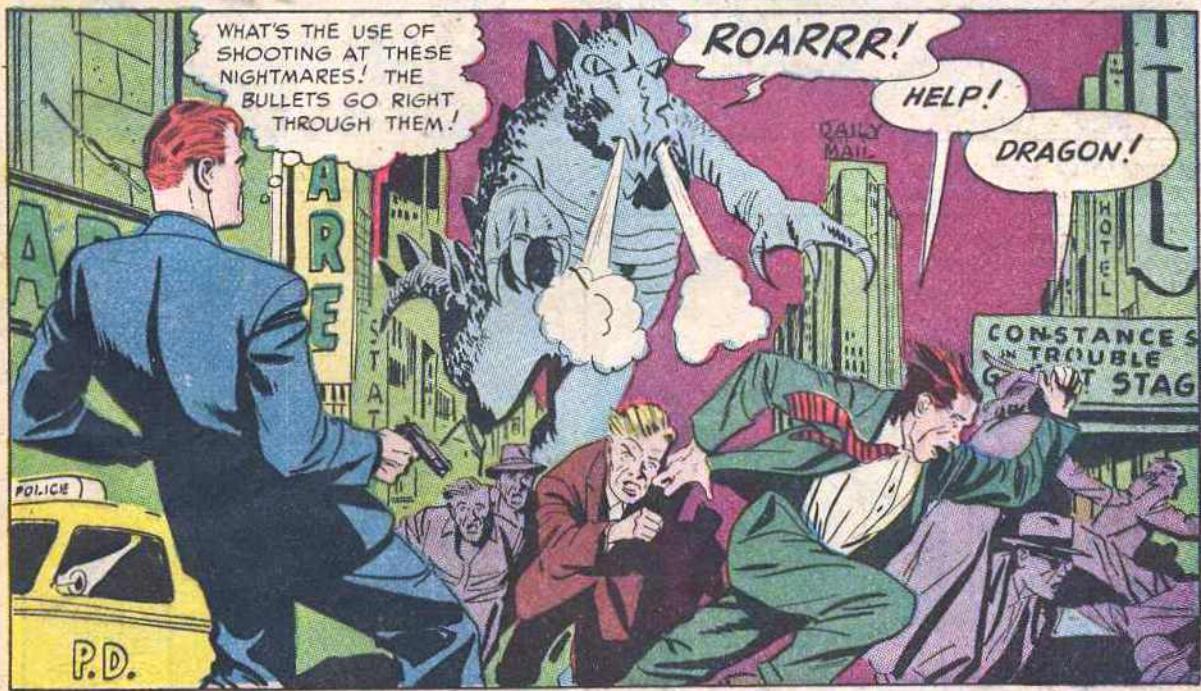
HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, CHIEF? I WAS JUST GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE ONE I SAW...

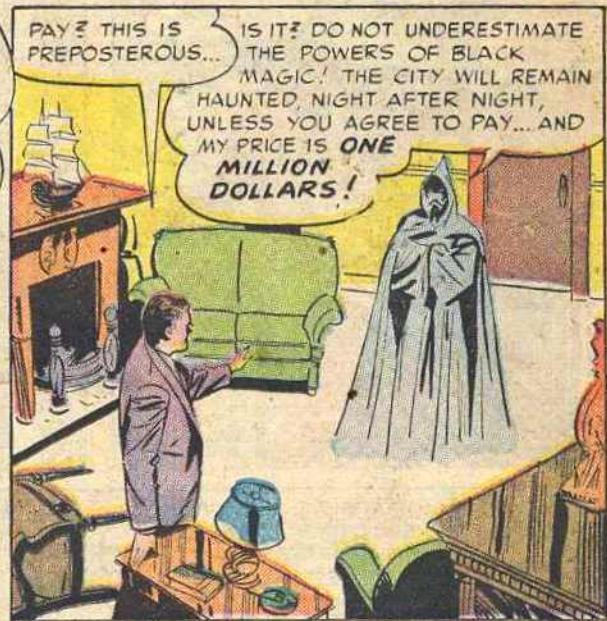
...YOU AND HUNDREDS OF OTHERS! WE WERE SWAMPED WITH PHONE CALLS LAST NIGHT FROM TERRIFIED PEOPLE WHO ALL CLAIMED THEY SAW THESE GHOSTS! GET ON THE CASE RIGHT AWAY!

GOT'CHA, CHIEF!

YIPES! IT'S TOUGH ENOUGH TRACKING DOWN THE ONE IN MY BEDROOM, LET ALONE GHOSTS IN HUNDREDS OF HOMES!







AS DIABLO VANISHES, THE BEWILDERED MAYOR CALLS
THE POLICE COMMISSIONER ...





WE'RE GOING ON A TV GHOST HUNT!
DRIVE ME AROUND 'TIL WE RUN INTO
ANOTHER PHANTOM, DONNA! THAT'S
WHERE THIS GADGET COMES IN!

THERE'S AN
APPARITION
NOW, ALLEN!

DRIVE CLOSE TO IT,
DONNA. I WANT TO
GET A READING!

RIGHT! IT REGISTERS
ON THE DETECTOR,
SHOWING IT'S A
TELEVISION BEAM OF
SOME SORT! KEEP DRIVING
AROUND THE CITY! I'LL GET
A DIRECTIONAL READING
FROM THREE DIFFERENT
POINTS!

GOT IT! EXTENDING THE LINES
OF THE THREE DIFFERENT
DIRECTIONAL READINGS, THEY
ALL CONVERGE... LET'S SEE...
OUTSIDE THE CITY AT THE OLD
MILL! DRIVE THERE, DONNA!
AND **STEP ON IT!**

A SMALL SHACK OUTSIDE THE CITY...

THERE IT IS,
DONNA!

BRRR! LOOKS
HAUNTED
ITSELF!

IT'S HAUNTED, ALL RIGHT,
BY A **CLEVER CROOK**!
BUT JUST HOW DOES
HE WORK THAT GHOSTLY
IMAGE STUFF IN
THE CITY?

ALLEN--LOOK
OUT! BEHIND
YOU!



WHEN CARLTON COMES TO, MINUTES LATER ...



IT WAS ALSO EASY TO PROJECT MY OWN IMAGE TO THE MAYOR, AND MAKE MY DEMAND! CERTAIN SONIC ARRANGEMENTS ALLOWED MY IMAGE TO SPEAK ALOUD TO HIM! I GUESS YOU CAN CALL THE WHOLE THING **BLACK MAGIC BLACKMAIL!**

OH, YES! ONE MORE THING! ANGELO THE TOAD, MY ASSISTANT, HAD ME SEND HIS OWN IMAGE TO THE GIRL, TO TERRIFY HER INTO GIVING YOU UP, CARLTON!

THANKS, DOC! THE GIRL'S MINE NOW! C'MERE, BABE!



UTTERLY HELPLESS, CARLTON MAKES ONE LAST BID FOR FREEDOM...

coward! I LICKED YOU ONCE BEFORE, TOAD, AND I CAN DO IT AGAIN! TAKE OFF THOSE ROPES AND I'LL PROVE IT!

WHY, YOU LITTLE... ALL RIGHT, LOUD MOUTH! I'LL FIX YOU!



BESIDES, EVEN IF THE CLUB DOESN'T GET HIM, THIS GUN WILL! THIS IS AMUSING! YOUR BOYFRIEND IS AGILE, AND THE TOAD IS CLUMSY! BUT HOW LONG CAN CARLTON DODGE?

TIME AFTER TIME CARLTON NARROWLY ESCAPES THE VICIOUS SWINGS, BUT AT LAST HIS STRENGTH EBBS, AND...

CAN'T MOVE ANOTHER STEP... LIKED...!

NOW I GOT YOU!



BUT THE DETECTIVE MAKES A SURPRISING MOVE!

JUST WHAT I WANTED, YOU CLUMSY OX! I MANEUVERED YOU NEAR THE CONTROL-BOARD, AND THERE'S ENOUGH VOLTAGE THERE TO SHOCK YOU SILLY!

YAAAAA!

ZAP!

PRETTY GOOD, CARLTON! IF YOU PREFER DEATH BY A BULLET, I'LL BE HAPPY TO OBLIGE!

THIS TV-CAMERA-- IT'S ON WHEELS!

A GOOD SHOVE, GOOD WORK, AND...
HUM?
DONNA!
I'LL FINISH
HIM OFF!

I'VE BEEN
SAVING THIS
UP JUST
FOR YOU!



OH, ALLEN! WHAT
A NIGHTMARE
THIS ALL WAS!
BUT IT'S ALL OVER NOW,
DARLING! YOU'RE GOING
TO SLEEP PEACEFULLY
TONIGHT... AND SO IS
THE WHOLE CITY!

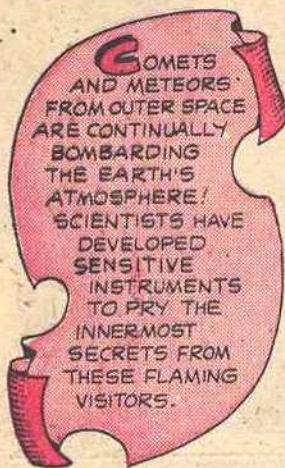
LATER...
SLEEP?
IN THIS DIN? THE
WHOLE CITY'S
CELEBRATING
NOW!

GUESS YOU CAN'T BLAME
THEM! THAT CLOSES THE
CASE OF THE HAUNTED
CITY! OR AS I'LL ALWAYS
THINK OF IT-- THE CASE OF
THE MONSTER AND THE
MODEL!



The End

Measuring a COMET'S TAIL



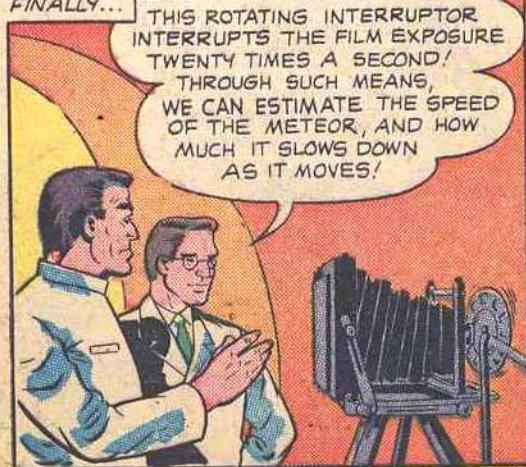
METEORS, CRASHING FROM OUTER SPACE, CANNOT BE SEEN UNTIL THEY ARE ABOUT 80 MILES FROM THE EARTH'S SURFACE! THEN THEY ENTER OUR ATMOSPHERE. FRICTION SETS THEM ON FIRE.

USUALLY A METEOR BURNS OUT WITHIN A SECOND AFTER IT HAS COME INTO THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. IN EARLY TIMES...



HOWEVER, THERE WAS STILL NO WAY OF MEASURING THE SPEED OF THE METEORS! FINALLY...

THIS ROTATING INTERRUPTOR INTERRUPTS THE FILM EXPOSURE TWENTY TIMES A SECOND! THROUGH SUCH MEANS, WE CAN ESTIMATE THE SPEED OF THE METEOR, AND HOW MUCH IT SLOWS DOWN AS IT MOVES!

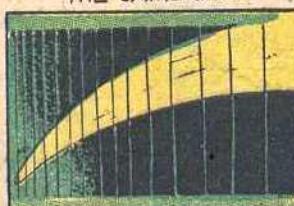


NOT UNTIL HIGH-SPEED PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES WERE DEVELOPED COULD A CLOSE STUDY OF METEORS BE MADE...

AT LAST! A CLEAR PHOTOGRAPH OF METEORS! WHEN WE HAVE MADE AN ENLARGEMENT OF THIS PLATE, WE MAY BE ABLE TO CRACK THE MYSTERY OF METEORS IN ACTION!



THIS IS HOW THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE LOOKS WHEN THE INTERRUPTOR HAS BEEN COUPLED TO THE CAMERA...



NOTE THAT METEOR IS TRAVELING FASTEST AT THE RIGHT, AS IT ENTERS THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. AS IT GETS NEARER EARTH, AND ATMOSPHERE INCREASES IN DENSITY, METEOR SLOWS DOWN!

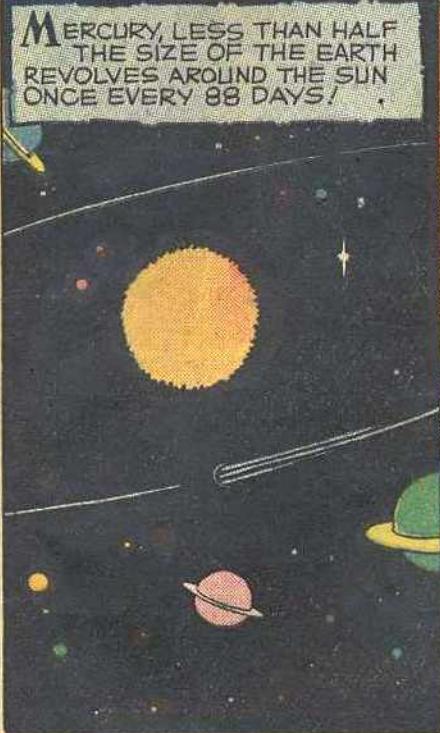
WHAT IS THE PRACTICAL USE OF SUCH KNOWLEDGE? IT IS INVALUABLE IN COMPUTING THE DENSITY OF THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE AT VARYING ALTITUDES. ALSO, IN CONJUNCTION WITH OTHER EXPERIMENTS, THE HEAT OF THE ATMOSPHERE CAN BE ASCERTAINED. THESE FACTORS ARE VITALLY IMPORTANT IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF ROCKETS AND IN THE IMPROVEMENT OF THEIR SPEED!

"One-Sided Life"

MERCURY, THE PLANET NEAREST THE SUN HAS ONLY ONE HEATED SIDE! THE OTHER SIDE IS MORE FRIGID THAN THE EARTH'S POLAR REGIONS!

MERCURY, LESS THAN HALF THE SIZE OF THE EARTH REVOLVES AROUND THE SUN ONCE EVERY 88 DAYS!

BUT BECAUSE MERCURY ALSO REVOLVES ON ITS OWN AXIS ONCE EVERY 88 DAYS, IT ALWAYS PRESENTS THE SAME SIDE TO THE SUN....



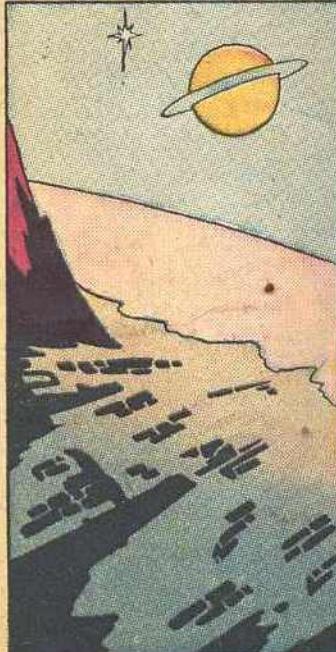
MERCURY'S WARM SIDE HAS A TEMPERATURE FAR IN EXCESS OF THE BOILING POINT OF WATER! HENCE MUCH OF IT CAN SUPPORT NO LIFE AT ALL, AND IS, IN FACT, A MASS OF ROCKS AND SAND...



THE COLD SIDE HAS THE UNBEARABLE FRIGIDITY OF OUTER SPACE....

THERE IS A NARROW BAND AROUND THE CENTER OF MERCURY WHERE THE SUN'S RAYS DO NOT STRIKE SO DIRECTLY. IN THIS AREA, LIFE COULD EXIST....

EVEN IN THIS AREA, THE HEAT WOULD BE SO INTENSE THAT HUMANS WOULD HAVE TO BE PROTECTED FROM IT!



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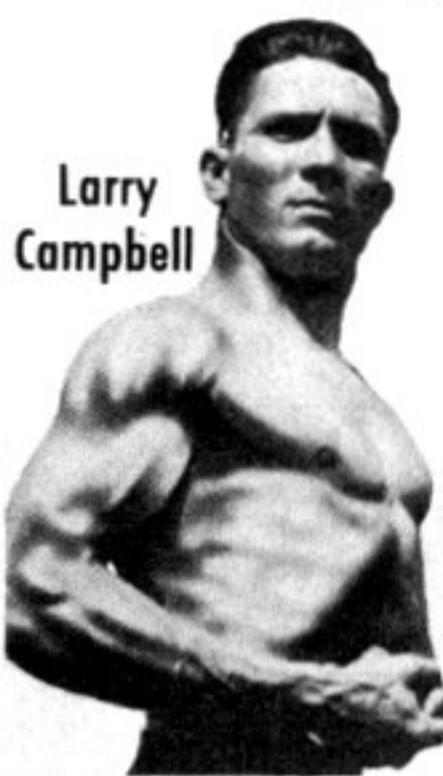
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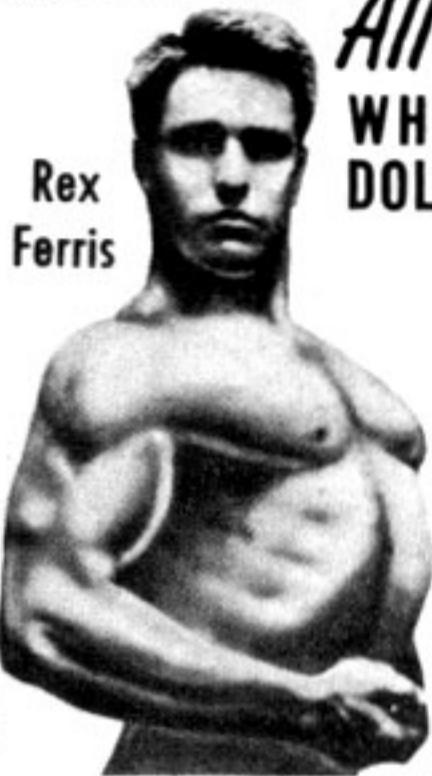
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Campbell



Rex
Ferris

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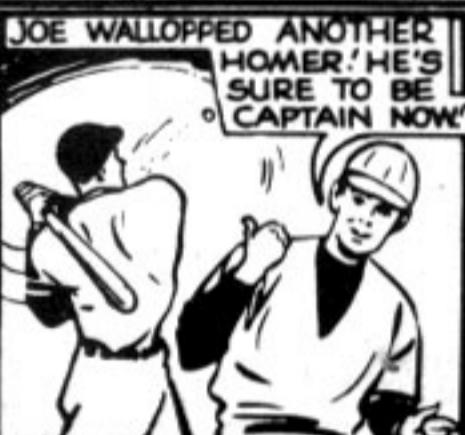
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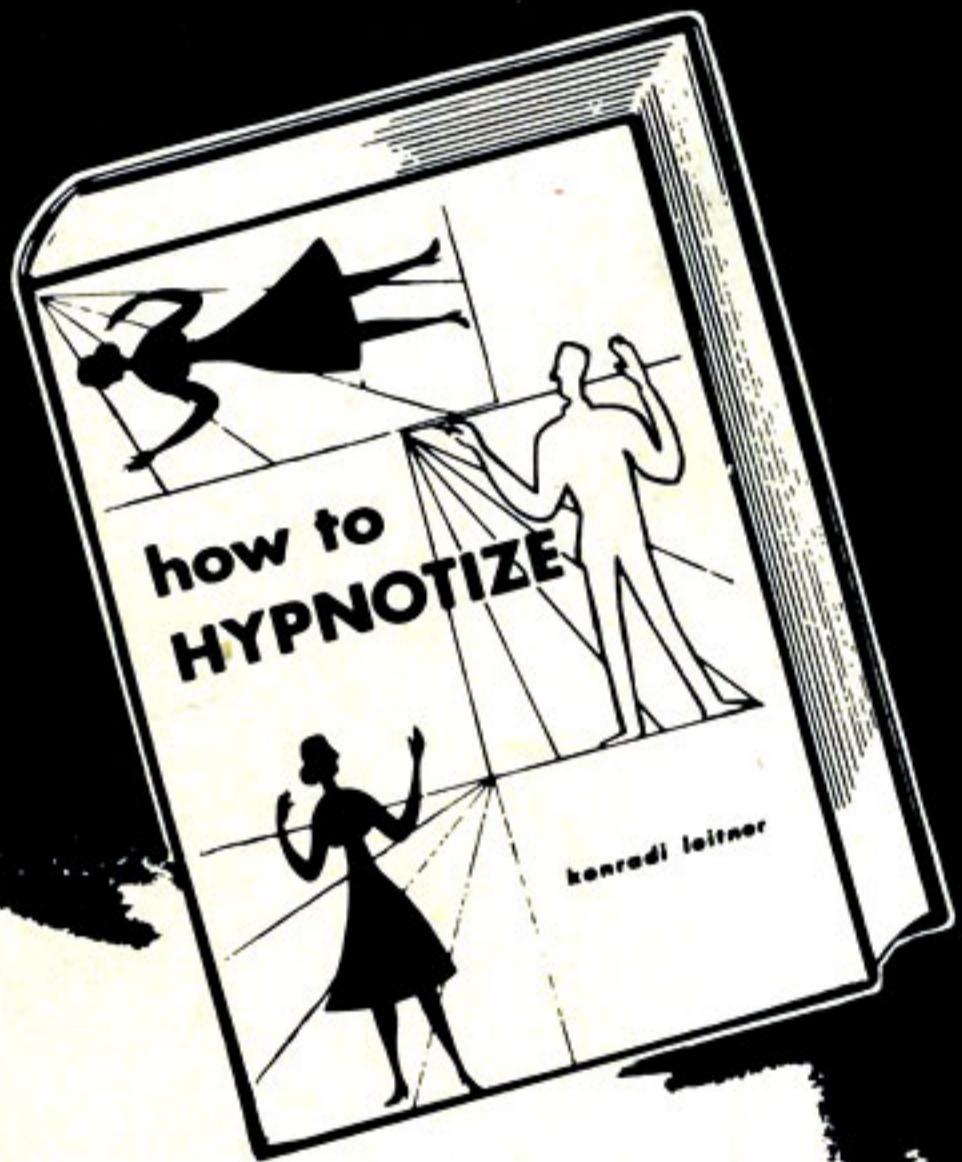
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